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# Daily Mirror

All the News by  
Telegraph,  
Photograph, and  
Paragraph.

An Illustrated Paper for Men and Women.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## IRISH ENTHUSIASM AND THE KING.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT THE ROYAL STAND, PUNCHESTOWN RACECOURSE.—(Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

### WARM IRISH LOYALTY.

The King and Queen Alexandra  
Find Their Way to the Hearts  
of the People.

His Majesty the King has again triumphantly asserted his popularity. Nowhere in Dublin or round the Punchestown district is a word heard of the uncertain loyalty we in

England have for so long associated with the name of Ireland and her people. King Edward's personality appeals irresistibly to the Irish people. He shares with Queen Alexandra the secret of popularity, and has that faculty of kingship which is so rare even with kings. His visit to Ireland will promote more than anything else could the great need of reciprocity of feeling between the English and Irish, who have much to forget and forgive each for the other.

The King's drive to the Punchestown racecourse on Tuesday was described fully in the *Mirror* as a "triumphal progress." On the

course itself he was received with acclamation, and the highest and fairest in the land did homage to him and the Queen.

Yesterday an even greater gathering were there to see and greet him. They were disappointed. The Queen was not with him. She spent the day at the Viceregal Lodge.

The visit to Copenhagen seems to have done his Majesty a great deal of good. His health has never been better. He is entering even more thoroughly than he usually does into the enjoyment of the people who crowd to welcome him. His smile of pleasure at their acclamations is sincere, reciprocal, and

full of understanding of the sudden sense of glad loyalty that prompts the outburst.

The generous, warm-hearted Irish have for long laboured under a mistaken impression that this country not only means but does them ill. They have a habit of thinking themselves down-trodden and badly treated. King Edward's personality will go far to alter all this. The day is not far to seek, if it is not already reached, when the melancholy action of the Dublin Corporation in refusing to acclaim his Majesty's accession will be a thing as impossible in Ireland as it is in England.







## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Westerly breezes; fair periods, occasional showers; rather milder.

Lighting-up time: 8.16 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate in the west; moderate to smooth in the south and east.

## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

King Edward again attended the races at Punchestown, and then bent out of exceptional brilliance. In the evening their Majesties dined with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.—(Page 2.)

Japanese forces are said to have crossed the Yalu, and it is reported that the Vladivostok squadron has sunk Japanese transports with 4,000 troops, but there is no confirmation of this.—(Page 2.)

The additional duty on tea was discussed in the Commons. On an amendment to reduce the duty, the Government majority fell to thirty-seven, but was increased to forty-four when the division on the resolution for the increase was taken.—(Page 2.)

Official details concerning the bombardment of Illig, on the Somali coast, show that the fighting was of sharp character. British troops showed great gallantry in storming the enemy's stronghold. Our losses were four killed and six wounded.—(Page 2.)

Miss Nellie Farren is lying seriously ill at her West Kensington residence.—(Page 3.)

After attending a funeral, a young man of St. Denis, Paris, quarrelled with his father. He then shot himself with a revolver, and turned the weapon on his parent. Neither, says our correspondent, are expected to recover.—(Page 2.)

Inaccuracies in maps have resulted in some valuable territory in Africa being lost to Great Britain.—(Page 2.)

When the lad Fry, who is accused of the hopfields murder, was brought up on remand, the magistrates heard the evidence with closed doors. Their action has been much commented upon. Fry was again remanded in custody.—(Page 5.)

Last night's festival dinner at Prince's Galleries, Piccadilly, in aid of the Alexandra Hospital, was a brilliant social function. The Duchess of Marlborough presided.—(Page 9.)

Mr. J. A. Kensit's appeal against the fine of £5 for "bawling" in St. Paul's Cathedral was yesterday dismissed, with costs. Leave was given to appeal to High Court.—(Page 9.)

There is a movement on foot for a penny a week Labour Parliamentary fund. Its organizers think that enough money might be raised in this way to pay £300 a year to 300 Labour M.P.'s.—(Page 3.)

Returning from New Zealand on a liner, a Mrs. Cox made the acquaintance of Mr. John McQueen, medical student. Subsequent developments led Mr. G. S. Cox, her husband, to petition for divorce. This was granted him yesterday, with £200 damages against the co-respondent.—(Page 5.)

Major E. Studdert, who made a successful defence in the Bishopham divorce suit, has retired from the Army.—(Page 5.)

Finding her two children in a room on fire, Mrs. Day, a Bermudez resident, entered the apartment on her hands and knees and gallantly rescued them.—(Page 4.)

With a view of enriching the West London Hospital funds the Mayor of Hammersmith has organized an old English fancy dress ball. The function takes place this evening.—(Page 9.)

Charged with having sold the same horse three times over, and on occasion £230, a man named Hague was at Malton committed for trial.—(Page 4.)

Fire did much damage at the Gospel Oak goods depot of the L. & N.W. Railway, nineteen trucks and their contents being destroyed.—(Page 4.)

Anxious to stop their sister's marriage at Battersea, two young men took possession of the bridegroom's clothes. Charged at the police court, they were released, the magistrate holding they could only be said to have acted foolishly.—(Page 9.)

There has just arrived in London Mr. C. J. Glidden, an American, who claims to be the only man who has driven a motor-car in the Arctic Circle. He is now arranging a 25,000-mile tour.—(Page 5.)

During the hearing of a Bow-street case it transpired that the prisoner was locked in a cell by his wife, a cook, in order that he should not be seen by the mistress. The scheme failed, and as a result the husband had to answer a charge of assault, for which he was fined.—(Page 5.)

At Longton, Staffs, a cow raided a pianoforte shop and drapery establishment. Much damage was done before it could be secured.—(Page 5.)

Jealousy has resulted in a Hammersmith decorator cutting his throat with a razor. At the inquest two pathetic farewell letters were read.—(Page 5.)

Having misappropriated £14 a boy of sixteen spent it on sweets and went to music-halls. The magistrate decided he should be sent to a home.—(Page 5.)

Stock Exchange members and clerks are to participate in a garden party, fixed for a date in June next at Stamford Bridge.—(Page 9.)

St. Amant easily won the race for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket from John's Gault and Henry the First. The winner's starting price was 11 to 4 against. We publish a special description of the race.—(Page 10.)

Confidence again marked the day's business on 'Change. Consols reached 88 13-16, and a strong feature was the demand for the New Natal Scrip. Home Rails closed firm. An uncertain feeling in the Foreign market was partly due to the approach of the Paris Settlement. Kafirs were again active.—(Page 11.)

## MYSTERIOUS LADIES.

Heavily Veiled Witnesses' Evidence Against a Doctor.

MRS. "A" AND MRS. "B."

With the acquiescence of the magistrate and counsel for the defence the identity of certain important witnesses has been withheld from publicity in a second case which has now been brought forward against Dr. Frederick John Hicks, living at St. James's-court, Buckingham Gate, charging him with performing an illegal operation.

Mr. Bodkin, who appears for the Treasury, called a lady whom he designated Mrs. "A" as principal witness in this second charge. When she entered the witness-box she was so heavily veiled that it was impossible to distinguish her features. During yesterday's proceedings her evidence was supplemented by her husband and by a Mrs. "B," who accompanied her when she visited Dr. Hicks. Mrs. A's husband, an elderly gentleman, handed in his name, address, and occupation written upon a piece of paper. He said he knew of his wife's visits to London in August and October of the previous year to consult Dr. Hicks. In between those visits her health was not at all good. Accordingly, after the second visit, she went to stay with relatives.

He had seen a letter received by his wife from Dr. Hicks, mentioning the fees of fifteen and twenty-five guineas, and in the result he drew a cheque for ten guineas.

When Mrs. B. went into the witness-box, she was, like her friend Mrs. "A," heavily veiled, and handed in her name and address written on paper. She first heard of Dr. Hicks in October, 1902. Exclusive of the two visits with Mrs. "A," she had seen him in London about six times.

Enjoined Secrecy.

The first visit with Mrs. "A" was in consequence of a conversation she had had with that lady, whom she introduced to the prisoner as her friend. Nothing was said as to the object of the visit. Dr. Hicks enjoined secrecy, and she agreed.

Later she went away to the seaside, but owing to a letter she received from Mrs. "A," she returned to town and went with her again to see the doctor.

In one of her letters to Dr. Hicks, in reference to her friend, she wrote: "I have been extremely worried over the whole affair for some time," as her friend had been ill.

The Magistrate: You mean you regretted having introduced her?—Yes.

Mr. Plowden, in again remanding the prisoner, said that, having regard to the developments that had taken place in the case, he felt it his duty to increase the amount of the bail to two sureties in £250, or one in £500.

## "REAL AMBER."

German Efforts to Stop Imitations Injure Birmingham.

The decision of the Prussian Government to put a stop to the manufacture of "amberoid," or imitation amber, so far as lies in their power, by prohibiting the exportation of cases of small pieces of amber, has come as a serious blow to pipe manufacturers in the Birmingham district, where a large trade is done in "amberoid."

So skillfully is the imitation manufactured that it is almost impossible for any but experts to detect the deception, and its presence on the market has caused a more limited demand for the genuine article.

"Amberoid" is manufactured by melting small pieces of amber with certain ingredients, and pouring the liquid compound into moulds of any required shape. To check this the Prussian Government will no longer supply cases of small pieces, and the value of the large pieces is quite prohibitive for melting purposes.

Amber is a gum of an extinct tree that grew in prehistoric times, which the action of sea water has transformed into amber as it is known at present.

There is, said an expert to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, enough amber in the mines to supply the present rate of consumption for the next 400 years. The two colours which are most prized by connoisseurs are the natural lemon and green; good specimens of either fetch high prices.

## REAL TRAGEDY OF THE STAGE.

PARIS, Wednesday Night.

As the first act of a play at the Palais Royal was being performed, M. Gravier, jun., a member of the company, in the presence of his confrères assembled in the green room, put a revolver to his head and fired three shots.

The weapon he used was one which he had borrowed from a brother actor, named Grandjean, who plays the rôle of a police commissary in "L'Escapade."

It is supposed that young Gravier's attempt upon his life was prompted through jealousy in regard to an actress performing at the Cluny Theatre.

He lies in a critical condition in hospital.

## DRAMA BY A PRISONER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday Night.

Lieut. Bilse, author of "Aus einer Kleinen Garnison" ("In a Little Garrison"), which exposed the fast life led by German officers, and which brought the writer into prison, has written a drama entitled "Wahrheit" ("Truth"). The piece will be produced for the first time at the Central Theatre this week.

Yesterday Mr. Councillor Brunning, of Beckenham, was taken to Wandsworth Prison, where he intends to spend seven days because he objects to pay an education rate amounting to 7d. Mrs. Brunning accompanied her husband to the prison gates. Mr. Brunning says he is prepared to go to prison every six months until the Act is repealed.

## MISS NELLIE FARREN.

Old-Time Gaiety Favourite Seriously Ill.

We learn with regret that Miss Nellie Farren is lying seriously ill at her residence in West Kensington. A representative of the *Mirror* who called yesterday was informed by one of Miss Farren's sons that the doctor regarded his mother's condition as very grave.

"I was telegraphed for on Tuesday," he said, "and my brother, Mr. Farren Soutar, is remaining home from the theatre. Of course, we hope for the best, but the doctors admit that my mother is very seriously ill."

The last time Miss Farren was seen in public was at the Gaiety just over a year ago. She sat in the stage box and witnessed "The Linkman," that interesting revival of old Gaiety triumphs. Afterwards she appeared on the stage, and in a few words, her voice breaking with emotion, she expressed the hope that she might ever be remembered as "our Nellie."

Since that time Miss Farren has remained quietly at home with her son, occasionally paying short visits to his riverside cottage. She has been ailing for some time, but the serious relapse of Monday was totally unexpected.

A portrait of Miss Farren appears on page 7.

## RIDING ON TURTLES.

De Rougemont Preparing for His Great Feat.

For five long and weary years M. Louis de Rougemont has existed under a cloud. Now he has determined to show the British public that his marvellous adventures are true by giving them a chance of witnessing, at the London Hippodrome shortly, some of the marvellous feats he can perform with turtles and alligators.

Two huge turtles, one turning the scale at 322lb., the other at 310lb., are now on their road to England from America. These will at once be taken in hand by the "renowned ex-Australian explorer," who will proceed to break them in the six of water Mr. Moss will place at his disposal at the Hippodrome. Then everyone will see for themselves that M. de Rougemont is a much-maligned man—at least the gentleman in question says so.

The "breaking in" should be good fun, for M. de Rougemont has started long ago in his published adventures that a huge turtle's fin is capable of cutting a man's leg off.

Yesterday M. de Rougemont told a *Mirror* representative that he would give his audiences five gasps every minute they watched his performance. A turtle dives in a similar manner to a porpoise, immediately afterwards coming to the surface. As a consequence, anyone riding on a turtle's back would go under water with it every time.

Will Hypnotise a Lion.

In addition to this novel mode of riding, when M. de Rougemont commences his engagement at the Hippodrome next Monday week he will probably show the public how easy it is to hypnotise a lion, a tiger, and even an elephant.

In the meantime, M. de Rougemont is going across to the Société Zoologique at Antwerp to get his hand in with one or two of the big turtles in captivity there.

That is M. de Rougemont's part of the story. Now for Mr. Moss's.

The managing director of the Hippodrome says M. de Rougemont entered into no engagement with M. de Rougemont, but he has placed the Hippodrome at that gentleman's disposal for one performance. If M. de Rougemont can do but one-tenth of what he has professed, then the Empires, Limited, will give him a very long and lucrative engagement.

Every facility is being accorded M. de Rougemont, and already "stables" are being erected for the reception of the turtles beneath the Hippodrome.

## KAISER AND CENTENARIAN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MAYENCE, Wednesday Night.

When the Kaiser visits Mayence on May 1 to open the new railway bridge over the Rhine he will have presented to him a centenarian named Becht, formerly a non-commissioned officer, and now a farmer in Dellenheim.

The Society of Old Soldiers will conduct the old man in state from his home to the Kaiser, when Becht will fulfil his desire to express his thanks in person for gifts which his Majesty has sent him from time to time.

## STEERED BY A DEAD MAN.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

A touching incident marked a ferry-boat collision at Brooklyn last evening. The boat failed to slow up, and crashed into the ship on the Brooklyn side.

The accident was caused by the sudden death of the engineer. He was found below, with his hand still on the lever. Apoplexy had seized him in the excitement of trying to prevent a collision.

## COLLEGE OF GRAVE-DIGGERS.

BRUSSELS, Wednesday.

It may not be generally known that there is an establishment in Brussels for teaching the lugubrious art of grave-digging. It was founded by the Great Evere Cemetery Company, and was so successful that it received official approbation. All candidates for the post of sexton in Belgium must have graduated at this unique academy.

Col. H. Cooper, C.M.G., P.S.C., Aide-de-Camp to the King, whose name was prominent during the Cape Town raging scandal, retired from the Army yesterday, after over thirty-eight years' service. He has the Ashanti, Burmese, Dongola, and the two Transvaal campaigns to his credit. He has been Vice-Consul in Bosnia, etc., and was on the staff of the late Lord Dufferin in India.

## LABOUR CABINETS.

Penny a Week Fund to Rule England.

A NEW MOVEMENT.

The Labour Party in this country are cherishing indistinct visions of a day when Demos shall reign over the political destinies of Great Britain. The fact that Mr. Watson, the new Federal Premier of Australia, has formed a Cabinet of Labour is generally held to have brought this new era within measurable distance; in other words, within the region of practical politics.

There is serious talk of circularising the working men of this country on the subject.

It is pointed out by statisticians in the party that if all the working men of the country would contribute a penny a week to a Parliamentary Fund, and, at the same time, vote solid for Labour representatives, enough money would thus be raised to pay £300 a year to 300 Labour M.P.'s—a force which would make them the dominating party in the House of Commons.

Lord Roschke's appeal for a Cabinet consisting mainly of business men, like Sir Thomas Lipton, is freely cited in support of the time being opportune for the old order changing.

"Let us try our hand in guiding the ship of State," said a Labour M.P. to a *Mirror* representative. The experiment would either justify our claims or cure the conceit that is in us. The change could do no serious harm and might do a pile of good. It would at least give the other parties an interval of rest, during which they might indulge some profitable reflection."

## BRISTOL FORTUNE ROMANCE.

Hero of the Story Arrested in London

A member of the Bristol detective staff has arrested in London the young man Moore, or Stephens, who circulated a story that he had come into a fortune of £10,000 a year and £47,000 in cash.

On the strength of his representations he is alleged to have prevailed upon several credulous persons to advance him money. He will be brought before the Bristol Bench this morning to answer a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

He disappeared on the 7th inst., and it was believed that he had gone to America.

## THROUGH FAULTY MAPS.

England Loses Some Valuable Territory in Africa.

Reuter's Agency understands that one of the most important results of the delimitation which has been in progress in East Africa for the past eighteen months along the Anglo-German-Congo frontiers to the west of the Victoria Nyanza is the discovery that the whole of Albert Edward Nyanza belongs to the Congo Free State.

This is due to the fact that the boundary between the Uganda Protectorate and the Congo Free State is now proved to be considerably to the eastward of its supposed position. By this inaccuracy in existing maps Great Britain loses an important strip of territory, including a country with valuable salt deposits at the north end of Lake Albert Edward.

## KING'S WEDDING GIFT.

The King sent a beautiful diamond and sapphire "Shamrock" brooch as a wedding-present to Miss Hester Kennard, who was married yesterday at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to Mr. Alastair Macpherson Grant. His Majesty also sent an autograph letter of good wishes and congratulations to the happy pair.

While at Oxford the King was a college "chum" of the bridegroom's father, Sir George Macpherson Grant.

## BAD AS HIS WORD.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday Night.

For murdering his little step-sister with a chopper, a thirteen-year-old boy has been arrested.

The little girl was playing outside the house, and the boy's mother, Giuseppina Maruzzo, told the boy to bring her inside. At first he refused, but upon his mother threatening to punish him, he said: "Good, I will go, but I will murder her." He actually fulfilled his terrible threat, for in a short while he returned, and, to the mother's horror, threw the dead body of the child at her feet, exclaiming: "There's your child." He had killed the unfortunate girl with a chopper.

## KILLED BY NITRIC ACID FUMES.

Neither Dr. Danford Thomas, the coroner, nor the medical witnesses in the case had ever heard of a man being killed in the way that Albert Jubb, a bedstead maker, of Pilnissol-road, Highbury, was.

At his workshop in Blackstock-road he dropped a gallon jar of nitric acid on Friday morning. Sawdust was spread over the acid on the floor, and apparently no more attention was paid to the matter. But late in the day Mr. Jubb, feeling a difficulty in breathing, went to a doctor, and shortly afterwards he died from the effect of having inhaled the fumes of the acid.

## THIRTY-THREE BURIED ALIVE.

PARIS, Wednesday.

A house in the Rue Aubagne, Marseilles, suddenly collapsed to-day. Thirty-three persons who were in the house were buried in the ruins. Thirty-one have been extricated alive, but it is feared the two others are dead.



An unusual number of Americans are coming to England and the Continent this year. Motor touring is said to be the attraction bringing them over.

"I have found single primroses with four, seven, eight, and ten petals," writes a correspondent, "and one double one with seventeen petals."

Captain Sir Archibald Berkeley Milne, who took their Majesties in the Victoria and Albert across to Ireland, becomes a rear-admiral by the death of Rear-Admiral May.

For selling an ounce of pepper adulterated with 3 per cent. of ground olive stones a Rawtenstall grocer has been fined £5 and £5 ss. costs, with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment.

A Hulme woman named Cain, mother of seven, has received sentence of six months' imprisonment in Manchester for neglect of family. The children all slept in one bed, and the mother was a drinker.

Gen. Parson, a Canadian, advocates the sending of Canadian regiments to Aldershot, urging that a scheme of inter-changing visits would mutually benefit the British Army and the Canadian Militia.

#### CHILD BLOWN INTO A RIVER.

At the North Inch, Perth, a child, aged five years, was hit by the wind, blown into the Tay, and drowned. Other children, who were playing near at hand, ran home with the news.

#### TWELVE-YEAR-OLD HIGHWAY ROBBER.

For forcibly taking a purse containing 4s. from a child of eight who had been sent out on an errand, Edgar Newman, aged twelve, has been sentenced to receive twelve strokes of the birch at Rugby.

#### "FORGOT HIS PURSE" TEN TIMES.

A man named Arthur Ramsey, who consumed the provisions of the British Tea Table Co., and then regretted that he had forgotten his purse, has been recognised by numerous waitresses from ten different depots as having been guilty of similar forgetfulness.

#### SHIPS' COOKS TO BE COMPETENT.

If a Bill introduced by Lord Wolverton becomes law, every British foreign-going ship of 1,000 tons gross will be required to have on board a competent and certificated cook. The Board of Trade will grant certificates of competency, but if a seaman has served two years on board ship as cook, a certificate will be dispensed with.

#### SHE SAID HE WAS AN AUNT.

Male Witness at Holfax Police Court: I am aunt to the prisoner.  
Magistrate's Clerk: How can you be an aunt?  
Witness: I mean the other way about.  
Clerk: Do you mean you are her uncle?  
Witness: No. Defendant's wife's sister is my aunt.  
Clerk: I'll give it up.

#### CHAPEL "SUITABLE FOR LAUNDRY."

"Chapel and school premises for sale—suitable for laundry, motor, or carriage works, or for conversion into shops," is a somewhat startling advertisement.

It has appeared in consequence of the trustees of the Merton (Surrey) Wesleyan Chapel having given instructions for the sale of their chapel, together with the school premises, which are situated at the corner of High-street and Pincott-road, Merton.

#### CHAOS IN FLEET-STREET.

The admirable manner in which London's traffic is managed was made very manifest last evening when, as an exception to the rule, two hansom cabs, a light covered van, and a cyclist messenger came into violent collision at the Fleet-street end of Chancery-lane.

For some seconds there was a hopeless mix-up on the pavement in front of the historic palace of King Henry VIII. But when matters had been straightened out, and names, numbers, and addresses had been taken, it was found that the only serious casualty had happened to the bicycle, which had its wheels buckled and tubes twisted.

#### WORSE THAN DOUBLE-DEALING.

At Malton, Charles Hague, who was said to have been "living by his wits" for many years, was charged with having sold the same horse three times over for £30 each time. He was stated to have advertised it in various papers, and sold it first to a London merchant, then to a Lincolnshire squire, and finally to a Kentish gentleman, and the horse, according to the veterinary surgeon's evidence, was an old crock not worth £5.

Prisoner made a desperate attempt to escape when four detectives arrested him in Birmingham. When he saw them enter his room he rushed for a loaded rifle, which was in the corner, and failing to secure it, jumped through a closed window, which was fifteen feet from the ground. He was committed for trial.

#### BANK-BREAKING BY ACCIDENT.

The underground strong room of the London City and Midland Bank, at the corner of Broad-court, Bow-street, has been broken into—not, however, by burglars.

Some workmen, who were making an excavation opposite Bow-street Police Court, for the purpose of laying down an electric light cable, knocked away with their picks what they thought was a piece of old masonry. They were surprised when they found they had broken through the basement wall of the bank.

Through the hole thus made there was easy access to the strong rooms. The bank manager at once ordered measures to be taken to render everything secure, and the men set to work to fill up with substantial masonry the cavity they had unwittingly made.

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Frederick Langham, a tobaccocon of Camberwell-road, was sent for trial at Lambeth yesterday charged with firing his premises.

It is stated that Mr. Arthur Collins is about to engage Tom Sloan, the American jockey, for a racing drama to be produced at Drury Lane.

An electric car from Waterloo collided with one from Tooting to Blackfriars, near London-road, yesterday morning, causing slight damage and delay.

Owing to the number of suicides from it, the dock bridge at Old Gravel-lane, Stepney, is known locally as "the bridge of sighs." The Stepney Council yesterday appointed a deputation to urge the L.C.C. at once to reconstruct it.

The thirteenth hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the diocese of London will be celebrated on May 5 by a grand festival service in St. Paul's Cathedral, which the Archbishop of Canterbury, fourteen of the Bishops, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will attend.

#### CHINAMEN'S DEADLY QUARREL.

At Liverpool Ping Lun, a Chinaman, was committed for trial on a charge of having wilfully murdered Goshing, another Chinaman. It is alleged that prisoner went to the dead man's house to gamble, and though they were old friends they quarrelled about the stakes, whereupon Ping Lun drew a revolver and shot his fellow-countryman in the stomach.

#### SCARF-PIN IN AN EGG.

At Bedale a Mr. Kay Pearson, in cleaning out his hen-house, found a remarkably long egg, and on breaking it open he found, to his surprise, that it contained a gentleman's pearl scarf-pin.

The particular fowl had the run of the market-place, and evidently the hen had picked up the scarf-pin.

#### STOLE BABY TO GET SHELTER.

When charged at Clerkenwell yesterday with abducting a child of three years, Frederick Day, a labourer, said he had no money or food. So he took the child because he thought that if they were seen together he would probably get shelter at the police-station.

#### 200,000 JEWS IN ENGLAND.

Professor Haman, of Bale, has taken a rough census of the Jews of the world, and comes to the conclusion that the children of Israel now number nearly 11,000,000. Of these a good two-thirds are found in Europe. Russia comes first with 5,500,000, then Austria-Hungary with 1,800,000, Germany with 568,000, Roumania with 300,000, Great Britain with 200,000, etc.

#### SHOT WITH HIS BROTHER'S PISTOL.

Last Sunday evening Walter Collier, nineteen, of Wrexham, left home presumably for church, and nothing was heard of him until his lifeless body was discovered in Wilderness Wood, near Wrexham, with his brother's discharged pistol lying near him. Collier had quarrelled with his sweetheart, which apparently worried him, and caused him to commit suicide.

#### SON WRITES SUICIDE'S FAREWELL.

After borrowing a shilling from his brother and buying spirits of salts with it, John Newman, a bricklayer's labourer, dictated the following letter to his twelve-year-old son:—  
"There is no work for no one, ask any man. This trouble and worry is too much for me. Good-bye."  
Then he drank the poison and died. The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while mentally deranged.

#### CAN ANY FIRM BEAT THIS?

The following figures probably eclipse any yet put on record regarding long service in the printing trade. In the City establishment of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the King's Printers, taking the staff of management, compositors, readers, machine-minders and pressmen: 209 men have record of over 20 years' service, of whom 131 have over 30 years, 37 over 40, and 22 over 50 years.

In addition to these several have retired on pensions after lengthy service, while one compositor has actually occupied the same frame in the same room for fifty-nine years.

#### OBJECTED TO LADY CHAIRMAN.

Quite a storm was created at a meeting of the Lincoln Board of Guardians by the proposal to elect a Mrs. Hodggett, who for nine years has been a member of the board, chairman, or rather chairwoman.

One gentleman said it was a disgrace that such a suggestion should be made, and his remark caused an uproar. He was called upon to withdraw the insult to the lady, but refused.  
Mrs. Hodggett herself joined in, and remarked that she knew as much about the business as any guardian in the room. But eventually a male chairman was elected.

#### FINES FOR WATERING BEER.

For selling beer adulterated with water, Harry Dare, of 66, Whitehorse-lane, Stepney, was summoned at the Thames Court yesterday.  
Mr. Hawkins, who prosecuted, stated samples were found to be diluted, one with water to the extent of two and a half gallons to the barrel of 36 gallons, and the other three and a tenth gallons to the barrel of 36 gallons. A fine of £10 and £2 10s. costs was imposed.

Mrs. Elsie Roeder, of 29, Gill-street, Limehouse, was ordered to pay £5 2s. and £2 18s. costs for selling beer adulterated to the extent of 2.6 gallons of water to the barrel of 36 gallons.

The estate of Mr. Douglas Gordon MacRae, of the "Financial Times," has now been revealed at £394,295 3s. 11d.

Alfred Pickering, a house painter, of Peckham, fell from the top of a ladder whilst engaged at his work in Kitto-road, Hatcham, and was killed.

"Lucky Luke," otherwise known as John Griffiths, will have to change his nickname. Charged at Manchester with felony he was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

In the Upper-street, Islington, yesterday morning an omnibus bound for Hammersmith collapsed through one of the back wheels coming off. Luckily no one was injured, but the tram traffic was delayed for some time.

At prices ranging from 5 to 250 guineas, nearly all the boxes have now been sold for the entertainment at His Majesty's Theatre on July 8, under the patronage of the King and Queen. It is in aid of the British Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem.

#### DOG ON ROAD CAUSES DEATH.

A Mr. Cook, of Burnley, was driving his horse and trap through that town when his horse trod on a dog.

Mr. Cook was thrown out of the trap, jammed between the wheel and a lamp-post, and killed.

#### TO SUPPRESS THE MUFFIN BELL.

The Stepney Borough Council yesterday adopted by-laws for the "good government of the borough." These provide that no bell, gong, or other noisy instrument is to be used on Sundays by street traders to advertise their wares.

#### RUINED BY FOREIGN WAITERS.

He had lost his employment at the Holborn Restaurant through the importation of foreign waiters, and his wife and children were starving, pleaded Charles Blair when charged with snatching a lady's purse.

#### CHOIRMASTER DIES IN CHURCH.

As the minister of Alves Parish Church, Morayshire, was giving out his text from the pulpit, Mr. Thomas Ranken, the choirmaster, was seen to fall against the railing of the choir. He was carried into the vestry, where he immediately expired. Death is supposed to have been due to heart disease.

#### 6,700 MILES TO SCHOOL.

One of the girls attending Hascombe elementary school has walked 6,700 miles to and from school in the course of her period of attendance.

The average attendance at this school is 97 per cent. A novel feature of the arrangements is that clothes and boots are kept in reserve, so that when the children come in wet they can change their garments.

#### "ALMOST HIGH TREASON."

I don't think you could have been quite sober, or some of you would not have smacked the constable's face. It is a serious offence—almost high treason," remarked Mr. Plowden to a woman, charged at Marylebone with being drunk and disorderly.

But the magisterial rebuke was apparently not meant to be taken quite seriously, and the court smiled. And when it heard the penalty—one shilling fine—there was an audible titter.

#### ANOTHER FIRE ON THE L. & N.W.R.

After having their goods depot destroyed in the Minorities on Monday night, the L. & N.W. Railway Company have experienced another fire disaster at their Gospel Oak goods depot.

As the result, it is believed, of a spark from a locomotive, a truck full of goods began to blaze on the siding, and, fanned by a south-west wind that was blowing, the flames spread rapidly from truck to truck until no fewer than nineteen railway trucks fully loaded were ablaze on the siding.

The firemen were powerless to prevent the destruction of these trucks, and the fire was only prevented from spreading with very great difficulty.

#### APPOINTED SIXTY-FIVE JUDGES.

It has surely fallen to the lot of few to enjoy the proud feeling that they have put something like £198,000 a year into the pockets of deserving members of their own profession, says the "Westminster Gazette."

"This we are reminded by the recent elevation of Mr. Warrington to the Bench—is Lord Halsbury's enviable achievement. He has appointed a round dozen out of fourteen King's Bench Judges; the six Chancery Judges are all of his selection, and so are the Master of the Rolls, four of the five Lords Justices of Appeal, and the two Judges of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, to say nothing of about two score County Court Judges, with a nice little aggregate salary of £60,000.

#### A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

The story of a mother's heroic devotion was told at the inquest on the body of her baby, held in the Southwark Court yesterday.

Mrs. Day went back to the room in Nolan's-place, Bermondsey, where she had left her two children, one of them three years and the other of ten months, asleep, and found suffocating smoke pouring from it. She heard the meaning of the children, and crawled in on her hands and knees at peril of her life and brought out the eldest, which was taken from her by some neighbours. Then she went back and fetched the baby.

When she got out of the room the second time she fell downstairs, because she was unable to walk.

The elder child died from the effects of his injuries. The firemen said they had found evidence that he had been playing with matches.

For selling milk with 9 per cent. of added water, Elizabeth Wilkins, Church-street, West Ham, was yesterday fined £5 and costs at West Ham.

Birmingham's Chief Constable has received an anonymous letter, purporting to come from the Wyrley horse-drawing gang, stating that they are going to commence operations in Birmingham.

The Stepney coroner strongly advises all mothers to feed their babies naturally, and not to put their faith in patent foods, which profess to transform puny babies into giants.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Coghill perpetrated a delightful "ball." He said that he had lived longer than he ever did before owing to his liberal consumption of tea.

"I've backed the winner," cried Thomas Clayton, who was riding on a friend's van in the Walworth-road. But the excitement was too much for him, and he fell off, fracturing his skull.

Carmen w.o. are employed on the work of the Stepney Borough Council are agitating for a minimum wage of 2s. per week, and demand to be employed by the council direct, instead of by contractors.

#### BABY WITH A MAN'S BRAIN.

In the Clerkenwell coroner's court yesterday, when Dr. Harford Thomas read an inquest on the body of Harry Davis, aged fifteen months, Dr. Jones said that the baby's brain weighed 42oz., about the average weight of an adult's, and the largest he had ever seen. But the baby's death was in no way to be attributed to this; it was caused by pneumonia.

#### PATIENT'S RACE FOR LIFE.

A chimney-sweep, of Blackwood, who was suffering from quincy, refused to be operated upon. Feeling himself choking during the following night he rushed through the village street to the doctor's, wearing only a night-shirt. But it was too late—he died ten minutes later.

#### DEATH FOLLOWS A SLIPPING CHAIN.

A young man, who is believed to be R. G. King, of Balham, London, has died at the Sussex County Hospital, Brighton, from effects of injuries received while cycling at Reigate. The chain of the machine slipped while he was cycling down a hill.

#### BANK MANAGER ARRESTED.

Mr. Edward Smith, a major in the Volunteers and manager of the local bank, was charged at Bridlington with having wilfully and with intent to defraud made a false entry, to the extent of £750, in the bank ledger of the York City and County Banking Company, Limited. He was remanded, in sureties of £750.

#### SOLDIERS MUST NOT DISTURB BIRDS.

On account of a large number of birds deserting their nests at Wimbledon Common through troops skirmishing in the woods, the Wimbledon and Putney Commons Conservators have decided to make a representation to the Secretary of State for War with the view to a regulation being made for the drilling of troops to be confined to the open part of the common during the nesting season.

#### SHEEP-KILLING PARROTS AT THE ZOO.

The Zoological Gardens have been presented with a pair of keas, or sheep-killing parrots, from the South Island of New Zealand. These birds feed on the kidneys of live sheep. The kea perches on the back of the animal, and with marvellous precision and tenacity digs out and devours the kidneys.

Originally, like other parrots, these birds lived on vegetable diet, and they have only acquired their depraved taste for animal food since the introduction of sheep into New Zealand.

#### TO TEST A STRANGE THEORY.

One of the strangest theories is that which suggests that a mirage of Bristol, in England, can be seen in Alaska. Every year, between June 21 and July 16, the "Fata Morgana," or mirage of a large, unknown city is seen from Mount Sairweather, in Southern Alaska, and some years ago a scientist succeeded in taking a photograph of it, which is said to bear a resemblance to Bristol.

Now, in a letter which is published in the "Western Daily Press," Torvald Kohl, a Danish astronomer, suggests that a large flag should be displayed from the top of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, to test this theory. The English scientist who forwards the letter for publication remarks that it is impossible to understand how a mirage can be seen such an immense distance from its original, but it may be interesting to test the point, for there are many wonders in nature not easily explained.

## FOR YOU

### THE "DAILY MIRROR,"

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## LOVE AND OCCUPATION.

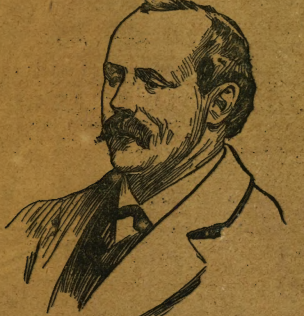
Divorce Court Story's Bearing on an Interesting Theory.

## LEEDS PASTRYCOOKS AT LAW.

Does that psychological principle known as "reaction" influence men and women in connection with their trades?

For instance. Is a man who is engaged on the manufacture of vinegar all day likely to find his leisure hours spent in the domestic circle in the evening attended by sweetness and a general atmosphere of idyllic tranquillity?

An unhappy little story from Leeds, told yesterday in the Divorce Court, gave some support to the views of those who would contend that the



MR. ABRAHAM TOMLINSON, plays the double part of confectioner and musician. Yesterday he secured a divorce from his wife, who had deserted him for a fellow tradesman—a mere confectioner.—(Sketcher in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

more acrid and bitter the nature of a worker's occupation is the sweeter and pleasanter are his domestic affairs when his work is finished—and vice versa.

It was on this latter "vice versa" aspect of the problem that yesterday's case may possibly be considered to throw some light.

The two principal figures in the story were two confectioners, who keep pastrycooks' shops in Leeds. One of these confectioners, Mr. Abraham Tomlinson, has made two other confessions. Mr. Hodge, co-respondent in a suit for divorce against Mrs. Tomlinson.

## Confectionery and Unhappiness.

Mr. Tomlinson was not always a confectioner. For the greater part of his married life, which began as far back as 1873, he was a musician. By a strange phenomenon—a phenomenon, however, which supports in a remarkable degree the theory of reaction—it was when he became a confectioner in 1902, and was in constant and intimate association with jam tarts, gingerbread, jumbles, etc., that he first encountered domestic unhappiness.

He took a confectioner's shop in Camp-street, Leeds, and got his wife to help him in its management. They both became confectioners—and then happened events that led to the Divorce Court. The first unhappy note was struck when the other confectioner, Mr. Hodge, came into the shop to talk about gingerbread and jumbles and business generally to Mrs. Tomlinson. Mr. Tomlinson thought that Mr. Hodge was far too attentive.

So it came about that the amount of sweetness in Mr. Tomlinson's domestic relations, with his wife began to atone to vary inversely to the number of doughnuts, etc., in the shop, and the amount of confectionery discussed and supervised by himself, his wife, and the other confectioner.

Mr. Tomlinson took refuge in music. Although a confectioner, he was still a skilful musician, and he undertook an engagement at Harrogate in the summer of last year.

When he returned to Leeds in the autumn the misunderstanding between himself and his wife was instantly resumed. He found her at supper, and accused her of supping not wisely but too well, and in reply Mrs. Tomlinson said that everybody knew "that she was a per."

She then left the house, and it afterwards came to Mr. Tomlinson's knowledge that she had gone to seek the protection of the other confectioner.

## A Letter to the Family.

Postcards were sent asking her to return, and in answer to them Mr. Hodge wrote the following letter to Mr. Tomlinson and his daughter:—

Dear Sir and Mademoiselle,—In answer to your libellous postcards I can assure you that you are laying yourself out to being brought before his Majesty's justices for libel. You know your mother is with me this part of the letter was addressed to Miss Tomlinson and will be unless death parts us. She does not desire any support from you, or ever to see you again, and if anything happens to me she will inherit all I possess. If you wish to take divorce proceedings against me (again addressing Mr. Tomlinson) you have a perfect right to do so, and we shall not defend it, and you will not get any damages from me, as I shall at once make myself bankrupt.

A decree nisi with £150 damages against Mr. Hodge was granted to Mr. Tomlinson.

## MOTORING IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

Mr. Charles J. Glidden, of Boston (U.S.A.), who has just arrived in London, claims to be the only man who had a motor-car ride in the Arctic Circle. He was accompanied on his journey by his wife. The Finns and the Lapps regarded the machine as a thing possessed by the evil one, while horses stampeded at the sight of the car.

Mr. Glidden is now completing arrangements for a 25,000 mile tour round the world.

## COW AT THE DRAPER'S

Coquettishly Selects a Parisian Picture Hat.

A cow caused a sensation in Longton, Staffordshire, yesterday by its unwelcome patronage of a pianoforte shop and a drapery establishment.

Its entrance to the former was effected through a plate-glass window. Having hurriedly looked at the latest music, which evidently did not meet with its approval, and was contemptuously tossed aside, the animal proceeded to try the pianos.

Discords were the result, and these were followed by the weird dying shrieks of violins and mandolines.

Leaving the pianoforte shop in wrath, the cow proceeded, feminine-like, to neighbouring drapery establishment, where, without any aid from the lady assistants, it hastily examined the latest confections.

Finally, it was unceremoniously shown out by a shop-walker, and jauntily continued its interrupted perambulation with a large Parisian picture-hat, for which it had not paid, waving rakishly over its left eye, and securely attached by one of its horns.

## TRAGEDY OF JEALOUSY.

Elderly Lover's Pathetic Farewell Letters.

Racked by pangs of jealousy at the knowledge that the woman of whom he was passionately fond had given her affections to another man, John Beaumont, a decorator, fifty-two years of age, committed suicide. At the inquest in the Hammersmith Coroner's Court yesterday two very pathetic letters which he had written just before his death were read.

Beaumont had made a confidante of his landlord's daughter, and had told her of his love for a Miss Williams, a love so strong that he felt he could not live without her. His jealousy at seeing her about with another man developed into despair when he received a message from Miss Williams telling him not to come and see her again. Last Monday morning he was found with his throat cut from ear to ear, and a razor in his right hand.

## "A Double Game."

In his room were found two letters, one of which was addressed to the landlord's daughter, and ran:—

Dear Mary,—I have done this through —. I cannot stand him asking Sally from me. Since he came back she has not kept her appointments and I feel it very much. He has been doing this in a sneaking, under-handed way now for some time. She has been playing a double game, which cannot last. I must say that I am very fond of her, and she knows it. She means to tell — that she has not seen me since he has been away. Well, Mary, you know that Sally has been my wife for two years, and I cannot help if I love her. Do forgive me, Mary, I cannot help it. — and Sally are the cause of this. — J. Beaumont.

## "You Will be Happy Now."

The second letter was addressed to "Dear Sally," and ran:—

I met Gerrie on Saturday night, and she said I was not to speak to her or meet her again. I cannot stand that after what we have been together, so I have put myself out of the way. With best love, I hope you will be happy now. I enclose ticket of my ring, if you like to get it out. It will be a keepsake. — Yours, Jack.

Miss Sarah Williams said she had known Beaumont for two years. They were not engaged to be married. He was jealous because he knew that she loved somebody else. The ring was one in which Beaumont had had a diamond set found by him at the goldsmiths. He had, she added, once had sunstroke.

A verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane" was returned.

## AMATEUR K.C. RETIRES.

Major E. Studdert left the Army yesterday after nearly fifteen years' service, and is awarded a gratuity. He was recently granted a temporary wound pension of £100. The gallant major is suffering from consumption, due to exposure in South Africa.

He was the respondent who made such a brilliant and successful defence in the Bispham divorce suit a little time ago.

## STAFFORD HOUSE CONCERT.

Once again Stafford House has been lent in the cause of charity, and this afternoon a concert in aid of the Society for Promoting Female Welfare will be given.

A great array of talent is promised, for Sir Charles Wyndham, Lady Galloway, Miss Marie Brenna, Mme. Sobrinio, and the Princess Le Roux are all generously giving their services, while a great many society ladies have promised to be present, including the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of St. Albans, and Lady Exeter. A few tickets are still to be sold, and these can be obtained at the door.

## £14 ON SWEETS.

The sixteen-year-old assistant, named Frederick Grier, of a butcher in Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush, was brought before the West London magistrate for misappropriating £14 belonging to his master. A detective said the boy told him he had spent the money on sweets.

The Magistrate: "What £14 on sweets? I can't believe that. (To the boy): I suppose you went to music-halls and that sort of thing."

Grier: Yes. The Magistrate arranged that he should be sent to a home.

## IN THE CELLAR.

How Hot Potatoes Betrayed a Husband's Presence.

There are certain kinds of kitchen "secrets" towards which toleration is wisely extended. But there are circumstances under which an abuse of this tolerant attitude may lead to unpleasant consequences.

A secret of the latter type has been brought to light in the kitchen of Mr. Francis Greening's boarding-house in Montague-place, W.C. It all came about through potatoes being cooked in the kitchen at the unusual hour of nine o'clock at night. Mr. Greening was so surprised at finding this going on that he went downstairs to seek an explanation. To his great astonishment, not only did he discover that there were potatoes boiling on the range, but also that a man was locked in the coal-cellar.

When he made this discovery, his cook, whom he had always understood to be single, cried out in dismay, "Oh, it's my husband!"

## "Bundled" Into the Police Station.

The man burst open the cellar-door and walked out of the house. Mr. Greening followed, and, in his own words, opposite Tottenham Court-road Police Station, "bundled him inside."

The unwitting boarding-house guest gave his name as Francis Connolly when he was brought before the Bow-street magistrate yesterday, charged with being a suspected person.

The cook, who had proved to be his wife, though she had told her employer she was unmarried, informed the magistrate that she had shut her husband in the cellar because she heard her mistress coming downstairs. She had been cooking in preparation for the next day's luncheon for two Indian visitors, who were vegetarians.

Connolly said when he called at the house his wife gave him fivepence, and asked him to put up a bedstead, her mistress having left money to pay a man to do the work.

"Did you put up the bedstead?" the magistrate asked.

"No, sir," replied Connolly; "I went and got a pint and a half of beer first. When I went down the area steps with the beer my wife came out and said, 'You must not go into the kitchen; the missus is there.'"

## That's a Cat.

"I gave her the beer and was trying to get up the stairs again when I walked into the coal cellar. I fell down, and some pots and pans fell on top of me, making a terrible clatter."

"The missus says 'What's that?' and my wife says to her 'That's a cat got through the window, mum.'"

The missus wasn't satisfied, so she struck a match, and when she saw me she raised an alarm and locked the door."

Mr. Greening then appeared on the scene. Connolly, saying that Mrs. Greening had been "setting about" his wife, struck at Mr. Greening.

"We walked out together," Connolly added, "nice as you may like your Worship might walk away with your wife and daughter."

The magistrate said he did not think the prisoner went to the house for the purpose of committing a felony, but he fined him 20s. for assaulting the prosecutor.

## AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

When Edward Allen was charged at Marylebone yesterday with stealing a clock, he was alleged to have made an extraordinary visit. Lucy Edwards said she was ringing the bell of Mrs. Webb's house in Paddington at one in the morning when prisoner, who was a complete stranger, said to her, "Can't you get in, miss?"

Afterwards he forced his way upstairs with her to Mrs. Webb's room, sat down by the door, and said he was going to stay the night, threatening to knock Mrs. Webb and herself out of the window if they made a noise. About four o'clock he went towards the fireplace, whereupon they bolted out of the room and locked themselves in the bathroom.

From there they saw him run out of the house with something under his arm. They chased him to a cab in Maida Hill, where he was captured by a policeman.

Prisoner was remanded.

## TESTS FOR PARK PESTS.

An unfailling method of weeding out the loafer from those who are honestly in distress is provided by the Church Army.

This organisation issues beggars' tickets, which entitle the recipients to admission to their Labour Homes, where they receive relief on condition of doing a fair amount of work.

Five shillings for twenty-four is charged for these tickets, which are useful for testing the mendacious stories of the park pest.

## RASHNESS IN HOSPITALITY.

"Truth" enters a protest against the hospitality of the dockyards which has been shown to Prince Henry of Prussia. "I shall," says the writer, "possibly be told that on such occasions nothing is shown, which is considered undesirable to show; but much information, which may be valuable, must necessarily be acquired under such circumstances. I rather doubt whether any distinguished British naval officer would be accorded corresponding facilities in Germany."

## TRIBUTE TO RUBBER HEELS.

Foreign competition was pleaded at the Lambeth County Court yesterday as an explanation of the depression in the boot trade.

There were a number of defendants in the boot trade answering judgment summons before Judge Emery, and all complained of bad business.

One man said the rubber heels now worn had reduced the number of repairs 100 per cent., and another that people rode on the electric trams and did not wear out too many boots.

## SECRET TRIBUNAL.

Court Sits with Closed Shutters on a Murder Charge.

Our correspondent at Farnham telegraphs:—An extraordinary course was taken by the magistrates in the proceedings against Frank Fry, the eighteen-year-old farm hand who is charged with the murder of his former friend, George White, in the hopfields at Wrecclesham, near Farnham.

The representatives of the newspapers were excluded from the court, as well as the general public; the blinds of the court-room were drawn and the shutters were put up.

This singular course of proceeding led to the belief that the police have secured important evidence in connection with the crime and sensational developments are expected at the next sitting.

Fry, the accused, is a lad of medium height, with black hair and dark eyes, and he appears almost completely unnerved by his present terrible position.

He was remanded, and it was announced that no fresh evidence had been taken.

The action of the magistrates has caused considerable comment. It appears that under an Act of 1848 the magistrates are empowered to turn out the Press if the ends of justice are likely to be furthered by such action. In the whole experience of one of the principal officials at Bow-street no such case has occurred.

## MEETING ON A LINER.

Medical Student's Visits to Another Man's Wife.

Mr. Gerrans Stockton Cox was granted a decree nisi in Sir Francis Jeune's Court yesterday in his petition for divorce from his wife on the ground of her misconduct with Mr. John McQueen, a medical student. Damages were claimed from the latter, and, there being no defence, these were fixed at £200.

Mr. Cox was formerly an underwriter at Lloyd's and possessed of considerable means. He met with financial reverses, however, and at the time of his marriage, which took place in April, 1894, at St. Thomas's Church, Portman-square, London, had left business and was living on his own means with assistance from his sister.

He and his wife lived at various places in Devonshire and elsewhere till 1898, when they went to Australia and New Zealand, where the two children of the marriage were born. In July of last year the wife and children returned to England, and on the boat Mrs. Cox made the acquaintance of the co-respondent.

On their arrival in England Mrs. Cox went to stay at Slatt's Farm, Slatton, Devonshire, where she was subsequently joined by the co-respondent. The wife left the place shortly before her husband's arrival in England. Inquiries were made by Mr. Cox, with the result that these proceedings were taken.

Witnesses were called in confirmation of this story given by Mr. Cox's counsel, and the decree was then pronounced.

## SUICIDE AFTER A PET'S DEATH.

Worried by the death of her pet dog, Frances Maria White, fifty-two, a widow living at St. Dunstan's-road, Fulham, became very depressed. She told a lodger in the same house she had lost all she cared for, adding, "I have carried out my daughter's wish and if anything happens to me I know the dog has been destroyed."

Ever since the death of her pet dog she was found suffering from the effects of poison and, despite the attention of two doctors, she gradually sank and died. Mrs. White, who was the widow of a late City police superintendent, was to have been married again in September.

Having heard the story of her death, the jury yesterday returned a verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind.

## FUGITIVE TRAPPED BY MUD.

Four boys were filling sacks with coal stolen from a truck in the Great Eastern Railway Goods Yard at East Ham when two policemen appeared on the scene. The lads at once took to their heels, and, being pulled up in their flight by the River Roding, all took headiers in the water.

But one of the boys, named Jetero, in diving got his head embedded firmly in the mud at the bottom of the river. Seeing his plight, one of the policemen went to his rescue. The other three boys swam the river, but were subsequently arrested.

Three of them were discharged by the Stratford magistrates yesterday as first offenders, and the fourth, named Steggs, who had been previously convicted, was sent to a reformatory.

## WIFE'S CONDUCT IN DISPUTE.

Seeking to have it declared that a separation deed by which he allowed a certain sum to his wife should be cancelled, Mr. Hugh F. Webb yesterday brought an action heard in the High Court.

Counsel said the marriage took place in 1890, and five years later, their life not being a happy one, they agreed to separate. Mr. Webb making her a certain allowance under a deed which was drawn up. One of the stipulations was that the lady should not marry again. Certain information having been brought to his notice, plaintiff had asked the Court to set aside the deed.

The defence was a general denial of the plaintiff's charges. The hearing was adjourned.

## AUDACIOUS FOOTBALLERS.

A constable, who attended before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone to support a summons against a boy for playing football in the street, pointed out that he was actually playing with seven others immediately outside the police station.

Mr. Plowden: Well, that shows courage. I suppose the police station was the goal. He may go away this time with a caution and join the other seven who escaped.



# THE "DAILY MIRROR" IS GROWING—THE CIRCULATION

## FOR SUFFERING CHILDREN.



Lady Essex was present yesterday at a festival dinner at Prince's Restaurant in aid of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease.—(Photograph by Lafayette.)

## WHO IS THIS CHILD?



Recently one of the most talked of children in the world, and whose name appeared day after day in every newspaper. A guinea will be given to the first reader who sends in the name to the "Daily Mirror" office.

## THE KING



After the arrival of the King and Queen at the Royal St. James's Palace, the King and Queen were met by the sides and exchanging greetings. His Majesty appeared in a scene which was one of almost unprecedented enthusiasm. (Photograph by J. B. B.)

Special Photographs taken with the Russian Army in Manchuria Appear Exclusively in the "Mirror."

## HOW THE KING IS TRAVELLING



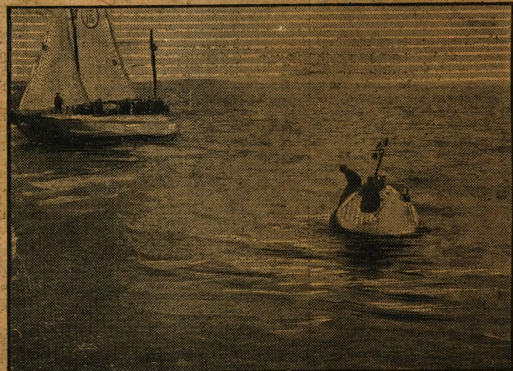
The Queen's boudoir in the new royal saloon train, which their Majesties are using during their Irish visit. Through the door at the back is the King's smoking-room. (Photograph, Roche, Dublin.)

## PRIDE OF THE 5th NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.



The drum-major and the smallest drummer boy of the 5th Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers.—(Photograph by J. Balf.)

## NEW LIFE-SAVING GLOBES.



This new life-saving globe is the invention of a Swede. It is spherical in shape and so ballasted that it can not overturn, and holds provisions for the twenty men it will carry. (Photograph by Johnson and Jespersen, Copenhagen.)

## LADY WIMBORNE



Lady Wimborne was in a motor-car which dashed into a wall while trying to



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PUNCHSTOWN RACES.



End of the Punchestown Racecourse, they stopped, shaking hands on all to be in the best of humours, and laughed and chatted gaily. The on every side were wishes for the royal horse, Ambush II.—(Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

MISS NELLIE FARREN SERIOUSLY ILL



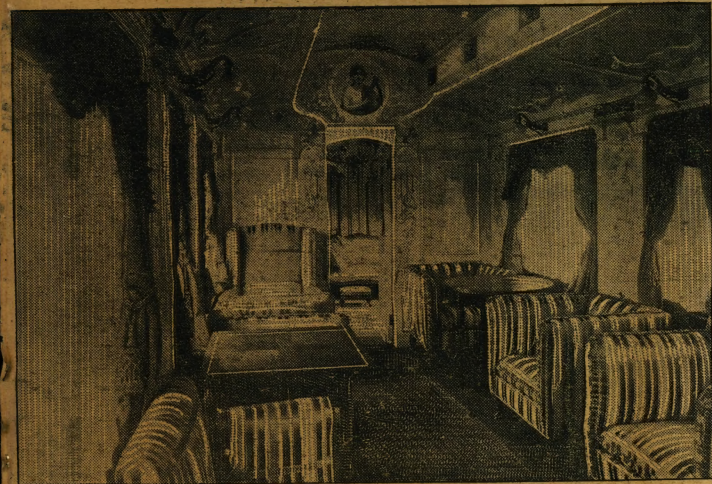
Miss Nellie Farren, the actress, known and admired the world over, is lying more than seriously ill.

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.



Cossacks about to return to their train at a wayside Manchurian station. — ("Mirror" photograph by Mr. George Rogers, war correspondent of the Charles Urban Trading Co.)

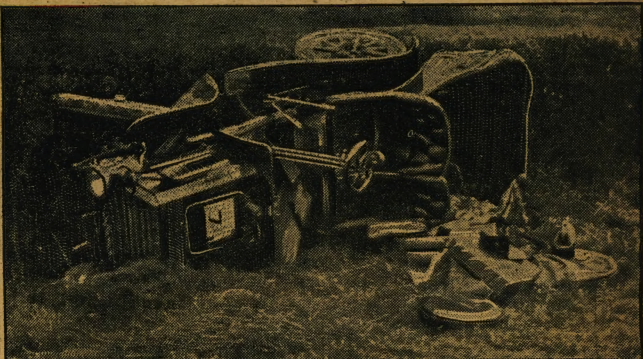
TRAVELLING IN IRELAND.



The main saloon of the new royal train, looking through into the Queen's boudoir. This is the train in which the King and Queen are travelling during their tour in Ireland.—(Photograph, Roche, Dublin.)

A Special "Mirror" Photographer Accompanies the Royal Party in Ireland.

THROUGH TRYING TO AVOID A DOG.



This 10-h.p. Benz car turned a complete somersault near Kettering during the Side-Slip Trials. The accident happened through trying to avoid a dog, which was killed instantly. The occupants of the car were not seriously hurt.

NEE HURT.



has been badly hurt in an accident. The car was overturned near Wimborne when it avoided a cyclist.

OVER FOR THE SEASON.



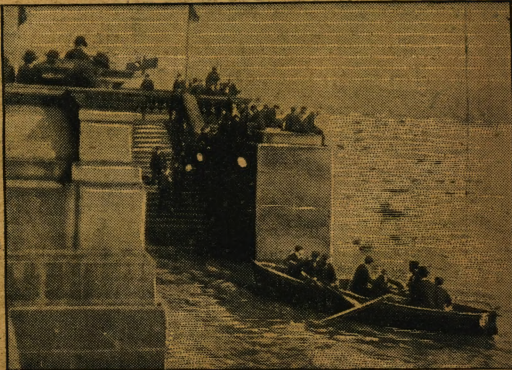
Miss Ethel Barrymore, the famous American actress, arrives in London today from New York. She will stay for the season.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

A "B.-P." INVENTION.



Major-General Baden-Powell has invented this new watch dial for scouts. The time can be seen easily in the dusk.—(Photograph by C. Lavell.)

HALFPENNY STRUGGLES.



Boats cross the Thames from the Temple stairs, round the barges on the other side, and back again, are now the daily amusement during the luncheon hour of crowds of office boys in the neighbourhood. These short trips are known as "halfpenny struggles."



# SHOULD A WIFE HELP TO SUPPORT THE HOUSEHOLD?

## WIVES AS BREAD-WINNERS

### A VEXED MATRIMONIAL QUESTION.

Men grumble, nowadays, that they find it more and more difficult to support a family; they can't marry because of the expenses of such a step, now times are so hard, unless they can marry money. Heiresses being few, they are beginning to suggest that, if they marry penniless wives, those wives should help to support the household.

Now there is something revolutionary in this idea—something that seems to clip the wings of Cupid, and turn him shivering out of doors. But this is not a romantic age. It is the age of stern practicality, even in love affairs, and the way in which matters of the heart are regarded is sometimes as startling as it is sordid. The days were when a man thought he could give nothing too good as a return to the woman who gave herself to him—that his care, and tenderness, and protection, and the work of his strong right arm were all prices too little to pay for her sweet presence in his house, and her affection for himself. Now all that is altered.

#### Must Bring Grist to the Mill.

These new men say: "Why should I work hard to support a wife? She should work, too, to help me to keep up the household. She gets as much out of the contract of marriage as I do, then let her put as much money into the partnership." More and more the tendency grows to choose wives from the women who are already out in the world, working for themselves, and making their own living—and the idea is openly expressed that after marriage they should keep up their work or their profession, in order to swell the household income.

"It is wonderful," a lady who works amongst women was heard to say the other day. "Wonderful how much larger the proportion of marriage is growing to be among girls who are out in the world working, than among the girls who stay quietly at home."

"And why is that?" asked a hearer. "Is it because the workers have more chance of meeting men, and getting to know them?" "I believe," was the answer, "the whole reason is because men think those girls will bring more money to the partnership."

#### Wanted, a Quiet Haven.

And is this idea a right one? In nine cases out of ten, it isn't. The girl who has battled with the world before her marriage is the last one to want to do it afterwards. All through the dreary struggle to earn her own living, which always lasts a thousand times longer on a woman than on a man, she has been secretly consoled by the thought: "Some day, perhaps, I may have a home of my own, and someone to care for me, and then I shall not have to fight for bread and butter as I have done." When the home comes, she is not prepared to let that rose-coloured vision go; she is far less inclined to go on working for pay than the girl will be who has never tried it.

And, indeed, it is a thing that should never be expected. When a man talks of his wife working to earn her share for the household, he forgets that she already has her own work in it, for which she receives no pay. The care of the house and the children is one whole person's work—work often far harder and more laborious than that which he does outside the home.

How, if she is properly to fulfil her duties as wife and mother, is she to find the time and the strength to earn money? And if she gives up the work that is hers by divine right of Nature, who is going to take it in hand? Not the husband and father, most surely! It is preposterous that such a thing should be even asked of her.

Let the man put it to a practical trial, and then

he will see. Let him try for one day to take her place in the house, and do what it is expected of her to do. Let him take charge of the housekeeping, direct the servants or assist them, see after the children, perhaps make his clothes and their own, besides attending to social duties and being ready with a smiling face to meet the partner of his joys and sorrows when she comes in from her day's work.

Then let him undertake, in addition to all this, to earn his share of the income. He would pretty soon put an end to that absurd suggestion! No, if the wife is to help her husband to support the household, let him take his share in looking after the house and the children. The result would be a

## BEAUTY'S COIFFURE.

### THE SHAPE OF THE FACE MUST BE CONSIDERED.

Beauty is greatly affected by the way the hair is arranged. Bad points are softened or even obscured, and good ones are brought into prominence, simply under the influence of the coiffure arrangement.

No universal mode can be followed blindly if a woman would have artistic proportions and en-

The girl with a low brow, when the eyes are not set too high, should keep the hair off her forehead in front, and arrange a few wavy locks on the temples.

#### Sunning Over with Curls.

A receding brow should be partly covered with fluffy hair, and the bad effect of high cheek-bones may be modified by combing the hair over the temples. The owner of a small nose should wear her hair arranged on a line with it, but the woman with a Roman or long nose had better arrange her tresses on the top of her head.

A broad-faced woman with a tapering chin should avoid a style of hairdressing that includes curls or fluffy waves on either side of the head, the triangle portion of the face being thereby brought into greater prominence. For the broad face and heavy jaw there should be no straight lines of any sort. Instead, the hair should be arranged in fluffy coils that will give breadth to the top of the head.

Fluiness, fortunately, is still with us; indeed, this is not exactly the era of waves. Lady Teale curls and Gainsborough ringlets are designed especially for the plain woman, who may go in for a more elaborate style of hair-dressing than her beautiful sister, to whom a simpler style of coiffure is more becoming. It is therefore she who is less blessed than others in the matter of a good complexion and faultless features who may make her hair ripple and wave and flow in a graceful way to her own personal advantage.

#### Coiffure Adornments.

With hairdressing in the evening nothing looks lovelier than a wreath of flowers. A dainty decoration is a narrow wreath of violets or rosebuds, one lovely flower a pink or white rose placed low in the hair is charming. The wreath of flowers may be combined with jewels, which rise in a diadem over the forehead, and apparently seem to support the low coil behind. But many other decorations than flowers are allowable. A band of narrow ribbon may be passed through the hair at the top and tied in a bow, and the bow may be a gauze dragonfly with gold hair wings. Then there are Mercury wings in spangled gauze, set with precious stones. Most charming, too, is a white aigrette, with diamonds here and there, set on tiny wires that tremble with every movement of the head; and equally pretty and also expensive is the butterfly with feather wings and a diamond body.

## HOUSE CLEANING HINTS.

To make paperhanger's paste mix one pound of flour and one teaspoonful of powdered alum to a smooth paste with cold water, then pour on to this enough fast-boiling water to turn and thicken it. It should be stirred briskly while the water is being poured on.

Varnished wallpaper should be washed with a whitewash brush and a warm soapy lather. The brush should be squeezed slightly after being dipped in the lather, and the work should be performed from the ceiling downwards. One patch must be finished all the way down before beginning the next.

Ink stains are often very troublesome to remove from wood, but the following treatment will be found most effectual. Touch the spot with a camel-hair brush or feather dipped in spirits of nitre, and when the ink begins to disappear rub the spot over as quickly as possible with a rag which has been dipped into cold water.

To wash an eiderdown quilt made a good lather of soap jelly (boiled soap) and warm water, and add a little borax or ammonia to it. The quilt must then be put into this and kneaded about, the process being repeated in fresh suds if it is very much soiled. Now rinse all the soap out with two or three changes of water, shake the quilt, and hang it out to dry. During the drying and afterwards shake the quilt well, and it will eventually look as good as new.



With a short trim blue cloth coat adorned with velvet revers and cuffs, a double-breasted linen waistcoat fastened with tiny mother-of-pearl buttons looks smart.

Of course a plain linen collar should be worn with the waistcoat, and either a butterfly bow or a stock scarf. A skirt of broken blue plaid looks well with a plain cloth coat.

lamentable one, but at least it would have the advantage of being a reasonably fair plan.

The new duet, "When the Stars are Shining," in "The Cherry Girl," is sung by Mr. Philip Ritte and Miss Carmen Hill, not by Mr. Brett and Miss Hill.

phasise her best facial expressions. She must find out the style that most becomes her, and adopt it as her own, with variations. For example, a woman's face needs hair arranged on the top of the head, or at least it should be brushed off the forehead, and the parting in the middle should be avoided. Anyone with a broad brow should wear as little hair as possible on the temples, and dress it high

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## OUR SERIAL.

### Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### The Clouds Lift.

She walked slowly along the Strand, feeling dazed and numb. The fight was over; she was beaten. She had broken into her last sovereign. All those weeks of desperate waiting and striving had brought her only one opportunity, and no very appearance had been enough to lose her this opportunity. It was no use to strive any more. She was beaten. Hopelessly beaten.

She stood on the pavement, wondering dreadingly what she should do. She was feeling faint and exhausted for want of food. A glass of milk and a bun are not the food to fight on; that was all she had eaten since breakfast. An Aerated Bread shop was near; she turned towards the entrance; afterwards, when she was rested and had had a cup of tea, she must go back to her comfortable room and try to form some new plans. The stage had no use for her; she must give up those dreams. Was there a corner anywhere in London where there would be room for her? She could not go back to her aunt now, her pride forbade that; and she must do something or she would starve.

"Mrs. Daventry!" The unexpected, familiar voice dragged her out of her thoughts with a little start. She turned quickly to meet John Gray's smiling face.

"It is no use trying to cut me in this barefaced manner, Mrs. Daventry," he laughed in his pleasant way, as he held out his hand.

"Did I?" she said, with a faint smile and a little heightening of colour; "it was very foolish of me, then, for I was feeling in a very depressed mood, and wanted someone to talk to. There are times, aren't there, when black care seems to be

the only caller at the mind's 'At Home'—making an effort to speak cheerfully.

"And he is a visitor who so seldom can be made to understand the regulation lengths of a call, and is impervious to hints!" interrupted Gray, cheerily.

Janet's words told him nothing that he had not already divined; he had seen the weariness in her eyes, the tired listlessness of the little shabbily-dressed figure, before he spoke.

"I caught a glimpse of you as I was driving by in a cab," he went on. "It is so long since I saw you that I determined on the spot that all arrears of friendship must be made up by a long talk now. I'll no use your pleading my engagement, because I am going to have my own way! Where shall we go for tea? Really, I don't think we could better the arrangement of my taking you straight along to my chambers. The old woman who does for me—an alarming phrase that, isn't it?—will give us muffins; and I told her before I went out that she has to keep up a good fire. What do you say? We could have a long cosy talk over our tea."

"The tea and the muffins sound too tempting to be resisted," Janet said, with a touch of her old manner. Really she was thinking that the prospect of that long, cosy talk he spoke of was more tempting still.

She had been alone so much lately; the horror of that loneliness, which, perhaps by contrast with its ceaseless babel, always seems more intense in crowded London than anywhere else, had fastened on her nerves. And John Gray, of all the friends she had ever known, was the most sympathetic. Somehow, already, as she stood looking into his eager face, her spirits were reviving; she always thought of Gray as such a strong man; she felt braver and stronger when she was with him—braver and stronger already.

"Good!" he cried. "You know, I might have been driven to carrying you by main force to my cab—it's waiting by the kerb yonder—if you had refused! I don't like to lose sight of my friends, and I had begun to feel I had lost sight of you. We'll just jump in and be there in no time."

He helped her in, and the cab carried them away eastward, past that monument of hideousness, and Griffin, to Christopher Wren's gateway leading to the Temple.

They turned in at the dingy doorway and walked up the staircase. Janet was already luxuriating in



## NO WEDDING CLOTHES.

Chelsea Boys Raid an Artist's Studio.

## BUT THE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE.

A singular expedient was resorted to by two young men named Peck, living in Averdale-road, Chelsea, who wished to prevent their sister being married to a suitor whom they did not view with favour. They failed in their object, however, and the method which they employed entailed their appearance before the South-Western Police Court magistrate yesterday.

The prosecutor was a man named Jack Miller, who is now married to this sister. He acts as caretaker at Mr. Leighton Waud's studio in Albert Bridge-road, S.W., and on the eve of the day fixed for his marriage the studio was entered and some of his clothing removed.

Neither of the brothers attempted to deny that they had done so, and one of them, named Robert, explained to the magistrate that it was by this means that they had hoped to stop the marriage of their sister, who had become engaged contrary to the wishes of her friends.

Miller said he was unaware that Robert objected to the marriage. He admitted it was true that the mother went to the registry office to try and stop the marriage, but she did not succeed, as her daughter was over age.

Robert Peck said that he had not the slightest intention to steal the clothes, and, as a matter of fact, he had made an attempt to return them. The magistrate, remarking that the two young men had acted very foolishly, but could hardly be convicted of felony, ordered their discharge.

## STOCK EXCHANGE WALKERS.

The "Eouse's" Athletic Fever Again Breaks Out.

At the evening meeting of the L.A.C. at Stamford Bridge, on June 8, there will be a seven-mile walk for members and clerks of the Stock Exchange.

Although entries do not close till June 1, many well-known walkers have already entered. Notably T. E. Hammond, who beat record in the recent London to Brighton walk, and J. T. Jull, who finished fourth, also inside Broad's time.

Hammond, who is a hot favourite, and Jull are in training, and have already been practising at Stamford Bridge.

In addition, H. L. Duke and P. J. Bellingham are almost certain starters.

Broad has been invited to compete, but his presence is doubtful. "He feels," said Mr. Parker, of the L.A.C., to his *Mirror* representative, "that seven miles is hardly his distance—he wants a longer journey." Invitations have also been sent to all who took part in the same race last September (won by Hammond), including H. Gilmore Thompson, who achieved the "wooden spoon" in the recent London to Brighton walk.

## THE CLERICAL DRAWL.

The Bishop of Wakefield, addressing the clergy at Halifax, said that not all men had an ear for music, yet many of the unmusical clergy thought it their duty to attempt to intone, or even sing, parts of the service. "The clergy very often was far from edifying. Many of the clergy seemed to have altogether lost the art of public reading."

prospect of the thought of the fire—there would be none in her room when she returned, she knew; and the day was bleak, and the wind in the east cutting.

"Hope you don't mind a lot of steps," he said, as they mounted the rather steep, badly-lighted staircase. "We pride ourselves on being old-fashioned here, and don't go in for lifts. Top of the next flight's my place. Here we are."

He flung open the door, and in and Janet entered. A blaze of glowing firelight shone out to greet her that made the old panelled room, with its pleasant confusion of books and pipes and fly-roses seem suddenly to her the cosiest, most delightful place in London.

As usual the chairs were covered with a litter of miscellaneous books and papers. Gray cleared the long, low, reclining chair that was his special favourite in her honour, and made her sit down and toast herself.

"Now you'll take your hat and jacket off, won't you? Because, as I told you, we have long arrears of gossip and news to make up. Yes, that looks more comfortable and homelike," as she obeyed his suggestion. "Love! that's something like a fire, isn't it? Do you know, I think if I hadn't the fear of Mrs. Pegg before my eyes—Mrs. Pegg's the 'laundress' to the staircase—I'd like to have a fire all the year round; at night, anyway. It's like having a good fire in the room who can be trusted not to talk or bother one when one's busy."

He took her hat and jacket, noticing with a little pang how shabby they were; that fact alone, accentuated all that had happened since the night that he had told this girl that he loved her. Poor little white flower a girl—how terribly those few crowded months had altered her. Sorrow had touched her with its withering finger. If only she had given him the right to take her life into his keeping how tenderly he would have guarded her against any sorrow! He gave a little sigh as he stole a glance at her face, watched the firelight playing on the whitens of the slender throat.

She had settled herself cosily in the deep chair, giving herself up to the enjoyment of the warmth. At first the sudden sense of physical contentment absorbed her; she did not wish to talk. She sat looking into the fire, listening to him as he called up the shivered old woman "who did him for him."

"Capital fire you've made, Mrs. Pegg—east wind outside, so it's doubly pleasant. Now about tea. First of all lots of tea." He turned to Janet: "I should drink quite a potful if I were

## CHURCH "BRAWLING."

Fate of Mr. Kensit's Appeal Against His Fine.

Mr. John A. Kensit's appeal was heard at the Guildhall yesterday, before Alderman Sir A. J. Newton, the Recorder, Sir Forrest Fulton, Alderman Strong, and Alderman Sir John Pound.

He had been fined last month £3 by the Lord Mayor for "brawling" in St. Paul's Cathedral, at an ordination service. This conviction he now sought to set aside on the ground that his protest was in order.

Mr. Danckwerts, K.C., for the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, said that Mr. Kensit had been warned that the ritual in the case of ordination gave no ground for protest, but he, nevertheless, proceeded to the altar rails and read a written statement. The Dean's verger gave evidence that Mr. Kensit left the cathedral quietly after making his protest.

The Bench considered the question of ritual to be of such vital importance that the case should be heard by a higher court.

The conviction was therefore confirmed, with costs; leave being given to appeal to High Court.

## LUXURY OF DIVORCE.

Endeavours to Bring Facilities Within the Reach of the Poor.

Are the divorce laws framed for the classes without any reference to the needs of the masses?

On this point a *Mirror* representative yesterday interviewed Mr. George Lewis, of the celebrated Ely-place firm.

"The expenses of presenting a petition naturally vary very much," said Mr. Lewis. "If, however, a man or woman bring a petition for divorce without the aid of counsel, and the case is undefended, there is no reason why the necessary expenses should exceed a couple of pounds."

Undeclared divorce cases are, however, in the minority, and the records of the Divorce Court show that divorce is practically out of the reach of the poor man or woman.

One considerable source of expense in defended cases attaches to getting evidence and witnesses, and where the petitioner lives outside London, travelling fares for himself and witnesses form a large item in the bill.

There is a very considerable opinion in favour of giving judges on circuit the power of dealing with divorce cases, and thereby saving petitioners all over the country the heavy expenses incidental to having divorce cases exclusively dealt with in London.

A well-known peer declared yesterday that he intended to agitate vigorously for reform of the divorce laws, by allowing petitions by people with comparatively small incomes to be presented to a County Court.

## DUCHESSES AND CHARITY.

Prince's Galleries in Piccadilly were again last night the scene of a brilliant social function. The occasion was the festival dinner in aid of the Alexandra Hospital, when various well-known hostesses took tables and got up parties.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who is greatly interested in the hospital, presided with the Duke at the principal table, and other ladies present were Princess Hatzfeldt, the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Dickson-Poynder, Lady Pearson, Lady Granby—whose table bore some specially beautiful decorations—and Lady Essex, one of the most popular of American perrees, whose portrait we give on Page 6.

Prince's orchestra played during and after dinner.

alone, you know, Mrs. Daventry—muffins, Mrs. Pegg, and I think a few eggs—yes, eggs, and that ham had better come up as well; some sort of a nice tea—all such as you would like, Mrs. Pegg. That east wind's given me an appetite if nothing else."

Mrs. Pegg was retiring with an old-fashioned curtsy. He stepped out of the room after her for a moment and whispered: "I want everything to be extra nice to-day." Slipping a shilling into her hand, he returned and shut the door.

"Hope you won't mind a sort of country farmhouse tea," Mrs. Daventry said, as if apologetically, whilst he busied himself in clearing the table of the confusion of books and papers. "It's a weakness of mine—especially when I can induce a friend to share it." He was thinking as he spoke that she looked as though she were only "Adele," but he had been the thought that had suggested the eggs and the ham.

"I think you must be a good fairy in disguise, Mr. Gray," she said, smiling across at him; but his heart ached to see how even the smile seemed only the remembrance, the ghost of what it was.

He stirred the fire thoughtfully; a shower of sparks vanished like a small constellation up the chimney. There were many things he wanted to say to her, yet he hardly knew how to begin. She had refused him as a lover, but he was still her friend. He wanted to prove himself that now; now, when he believed that she so much needed a friend.

"I am glad I met you this afternoon—there must be a special law of gravitation that affects human lives, as well as that which regulates the solar system," he laughed. "But, do you know, I am going to be blunt—that is one of my disagreeable qualities, I must tell you—I feel dreadfully inclined to scold you! You see, I always feel," he added, "that I am old enough, and know you well enough to enjoy the privilege."

She smiled at the playful tone, but rather nervously, as though she understood the underlying earnestness of the words.

"I hope that was not the reason for asking me to come here—to scold me!" she added. "If so, I shall feel compelled to withdraw my compliment about the good fairy, Mr. Gray."

"In that case I don't scold you," he said. "Only, perhaps, you will allow an old friend—I mean to say, yet he hardly knew how to begin. She had refused him as a lover, but he was still her friend. He wanted to prove himself that now; now, when he believed that she so much needed a friend."

## LADY ARCHER OF EIGHTY.

Bow and Arrow Practice Regaining Popularity Among Women.

The Richmond Archery Club boasts a lady who, although in her eightieth year, is still an active member and frequently successful in scoring a bull's eye.

Mrs. Denny Cook, the secretary of the Richmond Club, is of opinion that a great revival of archery is probable. She makes the friendly suggestion to all lady beginners that they should avoid the "odious practice" of uttering exclamations of annoyance when they miss the mark, as this gives a bad impression to onlookers.

From there being any necessity for this warning, it may be gathered that archery among ladies has much the same exclamatory temptations as golf for men.

There are about a hundred clubs in England, and those near London include East Sheen, Richmond, Beddington Park, Surrey Bowmen, and Elthorne. The most famous archery club in the world is the Toxophilites, which meets at the Archer's Hall, in Regent's Park, and the distinction of being the oldest is held by a Lancashire combination—the John o' Gaunts.

## ARCADY IN HAMMERSMITH.

Suburban Mayor to Revive the Glories of the Maypole.

"Atte ye Towne Halle in ye Hamlet of Hammersmith Hard-by London Towne," there is to be to-night an Olde Englyshe Fancie Dress Balle in aid of the West London Hospital, which is grievously in need of funds.

From 8.30 in the evening till 2.30 in the morning the gentle burgesses of Hammersmith and their "fayre ladies," so the committee fondly expect, will hold high revel.

"And whereas ye price for admission to ye Balle being but ye small summe of 10s. 6d. (twych coverth the night to divers good refreshment) many folk can well join, both Persons of Quality and commoners."

"And whereas ye Mayores expecteth that all coming be array'd in costume of ye olden time."

To the Sound of the Tabor.

Rumours are afloat that there will be a maypole in the centre of the floor, and round it sundry fantastically-dressed revellers will gambol gleefully to the sound of the tabor. Trouble is expected between engaged couples in the neighbourhood because many of the old English dances exhibit a serious tendency towards a kissing figure on the grand chain principle.

Refreshments being included in the half-guinea, a glut of Falstaffs is expected, but an equal number of Prince Halts have been, says someone who is sure he knows, provided by the committee to see all that.

For the sake of the West London Hospital, because of whose poverty, says the circular, "many necessitous folk of our ancient Hamlet (albeit newly call'd a Borough) have oft-time suffered sore when sick and seeking in vain for admittance," the people of Hammersmith will turn up in large numbers.

## SNAKE IN A MOUSE-TRAP.

A correspondent writes from Bourne, New South Wales, that he caught a snake 2ft. long in an ordinary mouse-trap.

For the sake of a trap after a captured mouse, which it had commenced to swallow, when it was unable to escape, as it had sprung the trap on itself.

estly, leaning forward; his eyes were upon her, but hers were gazing straight into the fire.

"You don't understand, Mr. Gray—you don't understand," she said in a low voice.

"Yet—forgive me for saying it—had you any right to go away like this, leaving your friends so anxious?"

"I suppose," she said slowly, "I suppose some of my friends did care?" "Your aunt, myself—and, of course, your mother—"

"My mother?" she echoed; a hard look came over the wistful mouth.

"Your mother I have not seen, of course, but I have seen your aunt; I know how great a grief it was to her that you went away without telling her where you were going."

"I was sorry to hurt my aunt; she has been so kind. Yet—oh, you don't understand how it was forced upon me to do this!" she cried in sudden passion.

She paused; her hands were clenched; she was thinking again of that letter her mother had written—that had been her sorrow's crown of sorrow. But she calmed herself as she went on.

"In one sense I have not hidden myself away from my friends. For instance, I did not try to avoid you to-day—I should not have done so if I could. I left my aunt; I told her that I should write to her sometimes, but not at the outset—for a little while I wanted to place myself entirely beyond the old associations and memories. If I have not written to her since, it is because—"

She hesitated.

"Because?" he asked.

"Because I have discovered that I am a failure," she said in a low, even voice, but her tones had a touch of bitterness. "If I had met with the slightest encouragement of success, if I had gained the least footing, then I should have kept my word."

THREE PUBLISHERS' readers having unanimously pronounced "TILL JUDGMENT COME" to be the best serial story out of the 1,000 odd novels they have read, it will begin publication in the "WEEKLY DISPATCH" on Sunday.

1 IN A 1,000

## WASTED WHISKY.

Thirsty Crowds See Hot Spirits Flow Into Sewers.

## TEMPTING MUD COCKTAILS.

Of the £120,000 damages caused by the great fire at Aldgate Goods Station a considerable sum is accounted for by the loss of 250,000 cigars and a large number of barrels of whisky, brandy, and rum. As these articles were bonded there was no gain to the revenue in their unexpected consumption.

Considerable excitement was caused yesterday at the Mansell-street corner of the burning buildings when it was realised that the large basement in which the spirits were stored was practically brimming full with a strong punch of rum, brandy, whisky, and hot water.

The reek of the hot spirits soon diffused itself over the neighbourhood and attracted a large crowd of interested spectators, who eagerly discussed the best means of emptying the cellar.

A gang of sturdy navvies at once gallantly offered their assistance, but the firemen and police, who had battled successfully with every other development of the fire, felt themselves quite capable of disposing of the contents of the basement.

Eventually it was decided to use pumps, and shortly the gutters were flowing with streams of hot punch and, as an onlooker suggested, "mud cocktails." It required strenuous efforts on the part of the police to prevent interference with the steaming liquid, but even they were unable to prevent several samples being taken.

The leakage of the spirits was caused by trucks from an overhead double line crashing into the basement and smashing the barrels.

## KILLED BY A WORD.

Fatal Result of a Medical Student's Jest.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERNE, Tuesday.

"A true word spoken in jest" has had a tragic sequel in the case of a young woman living at the picturesque little town of Coire, in the Canton de Grison.

She was to have been married in a fortnight's time. A medical student who happened to be calling at her home laughingly remarked that her bright colour resembled that of a consumptive. This thoughtless remark preyed upon the girl's mind, and next day she visited a doctor, by whom her worst fears were confirmed.

"Rather than be the mother of consumptive children I prefer to die," she wrote to her lover on returning home, and then poisoned herself by swallowing arsenic.

## FRIENDLY DRINK FATAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday Night.

Dr. Amiezhoff, of Crefeld, was leaving the house of a peasant, whose wife he had been attending, the other day, when he consented to take a drink of cognac, as the weather was bitterly cold.

The doctor had scarcely drank the liquor when he fell down in convulsions, and in a few moments he was dead. The peasant had, by mistake, given him a drink from a bottle containing poison.

about writing to my aunt. But I am a failure. Oh, I recognise that now. Once I used to think I could make a success on the stage—I can't even get a footing at the bottom of the ladder."

"Then," he said, gently, "you have not—you know that I do not ask out of idle curiosity, Janet—"

As he paused a moment her eyes met his. "I should never doubt the kindness of your motives," she said in a low voice. "You have always been kind, more than kind."

"You have not yet succeeded in gaining any footing in the career you have chosen?" he asked.

"No," she said, wearily. "I am a failure. I have tried and tried; but I realise at last—I don't think it was until to-day that I parted with my last hope—that it is no use trying any longer. The stage does not want me."

"And what are you going to do now? Janet, you must go back to your friends. It is the only thing you can do. It would be madness to keep aloof any longer—alone, without money or friends," he cried.

"I shall not go back now," she said quickly—and he read unflinching resolution in her tones. "I can't go back, now that I have failed, to beg them to take me. Do you think I have no pride? Ah, but I am too proud for that!"

"But—"

"Oh, I must do something else," she said wearily. "Other women no better educated than I can earn their bread. Why not?"

"But the case is so different!" he cried. "My God, to think of you—your Janet, struggling alone and away from your friends for some miserable pittance—"

"You can't argue with my pride," she said; but the passion in his voice had startled her. He did not speak at once. He was staring intently into the red fire. The expression on his face had changed. Watching him, Janet wondered of what he was thinking—why the frown had gone and another look had taken its place.

Outside the door the sudden rattle of the tea things broke the silence.

"Here is Mrs. Pegg with the tea," he said, starting to his feet.

He crossed over to her, and said in a low voice of suppressed eagerness, looking down into her upturned face:—

"After tea I am going to make a certain proposal to you—and you mustn't say 'no' to it till you have heard me out!"

To be continued to-morrow.



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